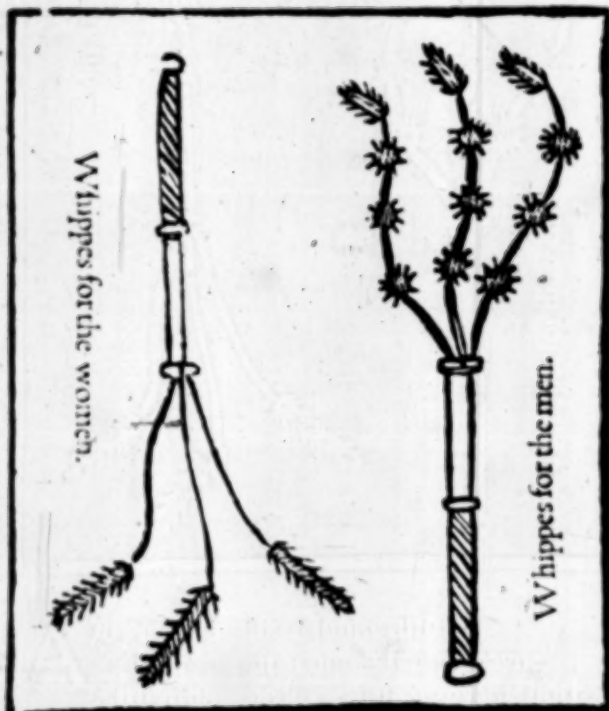


A new Ballet of the straunge and most cruell Whippes

which the Spanyards had prepared to whippe and torment English men and women:

*which were found and taken at the ouerthrow of certaine of the Spanish Shippes
in Iuly last past. 1588. To the tune of the valiant Soldiour.*



For neuer was there Horse nor Mule,
nor dogge of curris kinde,
That euer had such whips deuise
by any sauadge minde,

One sorte of whips they had for men,
so smarting fierce and fell:
As like could neuer be deuise
by any deuil in hell.
The strings whercof with wyerie knots,
like rowels they did frame,
That euery stroke might teare the flesh
they layd on with the same.

And pluckt the spreading sinewes from
the hardened bloudie bone,
To picke and pearce each tender veine,
within the bodie knowne.
And not to leaue one crooked ribbe,
on any side vnseene:
Nor yet to leaue a lump of flesh
the head and foote betwene.

And for our scellie women eke,
their hearts with griefe to clogge,
They made such whips wherewith no man
would seeme to strike a dogge:
So strengthened eke with brasse tagges,
and sildes so rough, and thin
That they would force at euery lash
the bloud abroad to spinne.

Although their bodies sweet and fayre,
their spoyle they ment to make:
And on them first their filthie lust
and pleasure for to take.
Yet after ward such sower sauce
they shoulde be sure to finde,
That they shoulde curse each springing
that cometh of their kinde. (braunch)

O Ladies fayre what spite were this,
your gentlie hearts to kill:
To see these deuillish tyrants thus
your childrens bloud to spill.
What griefe vnto the husband deere,
his louing wife to see
Tormented so before his face
with extreame villanie.

And thinke you not that they which had
such dogged mindes to make
Such instruments of tyrannie,
had not like hearts to take
The greatest vengeance that they might
vpon vs euery one:
Yes, yes, be sure, for godlie feare
and mercie they haue none.

Euen as in India once they did
against those people there,
With cruell Curses in shamefull sorte
the men both rent and teare:

And set the Ladies great with childe
vpright against a tree,
And shoot the through with pearcing darts,
such would their practise bee.

Did not the Romans in this land,
sometime like practise vse,
Against the Brittaines bolde in heart,
and wonderously abuse
The valiant king whom they had caught
before his Queene and wife,
And with most extreame tyrannie
dispatcht him of his life?

The good Queene Voadicia,
and eke her daughters thre:
Did they not first abuse them all
by lust and lecherie:
And after stript them naked all,
and whipt them in such sorte:
That it would grieue each Christian heart
to heare that iust reposte.

And if these ruffling mates of Rome
did Princes thus torment:
Thinke you the Romish Spanyards now
would not shewe their descent.
How did they late in Rome reioyce,
in Italie and Spayne:
What ringing and what Bonfires,
what Shaltes sung amaine.

What printed Bookes were sent about,
as filled their desire:
How England was by Spanyards wonne,
and London set on fire.
Be these the men that are so milde,
whom some so holie call:
The Lord defend our noble Queene,
and Countrie from them all.

FINIS. T.D.



Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwin and
Thomas Gubbin, and are to be solde in Pater-
noster-row, ouer against the blacke
Rauen. 1588.

All you that list to looke and see
what profite comes from Spayne,
And what the Pope and Spanyards both,
prepared for our gayne.
Then turne your eyes and bend your eares,
and you shall heare and see,
What courtous minds, what gentle hartes
they beare to thee and mee.

They say they seeke for Englands good,
and with the people well:
They say they are such holie men,
all other they excell.
They bragge that they are Catholikes,
and Christs only Spouse:
And what so ere they take in hand,
the holie Pope allowes.

These holie men, these sacred Saints,
and these that thinke no ill:
See how they sought against all right,
to murder, spoyle and kill.
Our noble Queene and Countrie first,
they did prepare to spoyle:
To ruinate our liues and lands,
with trouble and turmoyle.

And not content by fire and sword
to take our right away:
But to torment most cruelly
our bodies night and day.
Although they ment with murdering hands
our guiltlesse bloud to spill:
Before our deatnes they did deuise
to whip vs first their fill.

And for that purpose had preparede
of whips such wondrous store,
So straungely made, that sure the like
was neuer scene before.